2: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1939 NU28 Papago NU28

as he could stand it. The daily discourses of his grandfather conditioned him, even before he could understand the words, to the same virtues required of adults: industry, peaceableness, modesty.

As an adult, he found little difficulty in coming up to the requirements of his society. Acquisitiveness and ambition need not burden him since all had about the same amount of property and prestige was discouraged. He could avoid the demands of war by becoming a shaman or a berdache. The feelings to be suppressed were: extreme ambition, desire for dominance, cruelty, curiosity. He might give a free rein to sex, (though there were a few restrictions for women) to play and to poetic imagination (phrased as the dreaming of songs.) Executives were not needed in a society which ran in such regular grooves, and it was the non-executives and artists who were at a premium.

Granted the form of understatement proper for Papago speech, he might indulge freely in various kinds of expression forbidden by modern society. He could say that he was afraid in battle and most warriors did say so. He could openly express grief and could weep in public. He could admit without shame that others were more intelligent than he. What he could not do was to show anger or stinginess, or jealousy, worst of all to admit that he did not love his relatives.

Almost everyone could live up to these conditions and few acknowledged failure by being driven to suicide or insanity. Two ancient cases of suicide were reported, both for typically Papago reasons: one, inability to bear opprobrium and one the fear of being a burden in old age.

No insanity is reported from former times except that of a shaman who "got too much power, ran around like a horse and died under a cactus." One case known now is being treated by the shaman with a crucifix. Several feeble minded and deformed children are to be seen at present though "we never had them before," and one wonders if the reason was that they were exposed in infancy.

The peaceable ideal was expressed in outward behavior by a constant, smiling calm. Much talking and loud laughter are, even now discouraged and a group of kin, reunited at a feast, take their pleasure by sitting together in smiling silence. When they do speak, it is in a low tone of voice made almost inaudible by the many whispered syllables of the language. Ceremonial speakers use the same tone and a shout is an anomaly even between cowboys in the open.

Facial expression varies between a good humored calm and a

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
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My father was a gambler, too. He used to go all over our country playing against the men. Beads and necklaces he used to bring me back from the River People. And sometimes he took all the family with him when there were races between the villages and all our young men ran. But he would not let me run at those races nor bet on them.

"Wait till you are married," he said. "When you have a husband he will take you to the feasts. They are for married people, not for young girls."

He would not let me go to any feasts at all, not even to the maiden's dances, when they happened in our own village and to my own cousins. When a maiden came of age, the people sometimes danced every night until the moon got back to where it was when they began. The men and women danced with their arms over each other's shoulders. We wore nothing on our bodies above the waist then. The young men liked that. It is said that some young girls did not come home at night. It is said that some babies were dropped in the arroyo and no one knew.

They told me that there were women who went alone to those dances, the wild women, who did not work and who went about painted every day. Corn ears they painted on their breasts and birds and butterflies, each breast different for the men to see. And a woman's breast, in that dance, comes just where a man's hand can reach it.

I began to dream of those wild women. They can haunt you just as the Prisoners do. They make men and women crazy, sometimes so that they run out and die. Then you must make little clay dolls, a man and a woman, and have the medicine man sing over them to quiet the sick person. I was not bad enough for that, but sometimes, when I sat alone at my basketry, it would seem to me that I saw a boy and a girl making love and it made me wild.

And I dreamed strange things. Once my mother sent me after water and I was all alone; the other girls had gone earlier in the day. I had to cross a dry wash. As I came up to it, there I saw a snake three times as thick as a man. That wash was full of caves, and the snake's head was in one of them, his tail in another, with his body stretched all across the wash. When I tried to cross it, he would hit me on the legs. I ran home without the water and my father was angry. My mother came with me to see what was the matter and there was no snake there.

And I kept hearing flutes; flutes in the morning and evening. Such lovely music that I would stand still in the house to listen. I thought my crystals were growing again.